THE HOME LIFE.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes', Snug as birds into a nes', Fishin', hoein', choppin' wood, Like a man mos' allus should; Plowin', weedin', huntin' coon, Dinner bell can't ring too soon; Gimme my share 'th the res', Jes' they home life suits me bes'.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes'. Jes' ther home life suits me bes', An one asks me way, I sez:
Home is home, and blood, I say,
Is theker'n water any day;
When yer sick yer folks is 'round,
Like as when yer safe and sound;
Gimme home and sothing less,
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes', Bes' on earth for grub, I guess, Laver 'n bacon, pork and greens, Fry pertaters, corn an' beans; Things is plain and things is good, No place kin beat home for food; Feel no call to change address, Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
Allus has an' w il, sah, yes,
One harsh word to millium sweet,
This yere home life cain't be beats,
Little comferts mount up still.

## CLEOPATRA.

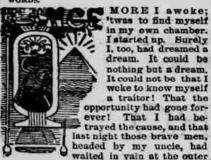
Being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian,

AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "King Solomon's Mines "She," "Allan Quatermain," Etc., Etc., Etc.

rated by NICHOLL, after CATON WOOL VILLE and GREIFFENHAGEN. CHAPTER XV.

AWAKING OF BARMACHIS; OF THE SIGHT OF DEATH; OF THE COMING OF CLEO-PATRA, AND OF MER MANY COMPORTABLE



gate! That Egypt from Abu unto Athu was even now waiting—waiting in vain! Nay, whatever else might be, this could not be! Oh, 'twas an awful dream that I had be! Oh, twas an awful dream that I had dreamed! A second such would slay a man! 'Twere better to die than to face such another vision sent from hell. But though the thing was naught but a hateful fantasy of a mind e'erstrained, where was I now! Where was I now! I should be in the Alabaster Hall, waiting till Charmion came forth.

came forth. Where was I? And, O ye gods! what was that dreadful thing whose shape was as the shape of a man!—that thing draped in blood-stained white and huddled in a hideous heap even at the foot of the couch whereon I seemed to lie!

With a shrick I sprang at it, as a lion springs, and struck with all my strength. Heavily fell the blow, and beneath its weight the thing rolled over upon its side. Half mad with terror, I rent away the white covering; and there, his knees bound beneath his hanging jaw, was the taked body of a man-and that man the Roman Captain Paulus! There he lay, through his heart a dagger—my dagger, handled with the sphinx of gold!—and pinned by its blade to his broad breast a scroll, and, on the scroll, writing in the Roman character. I drew near and read, and this was the

HARMACHIDI SALVERE EGO SUM QUEM.

US DISCE-HING-QUID-PRODERE-PROSIT.
"Greeting, Harmachis! I was that Roman Pau-lus whom thou didst suborn. See now how blessed

Sick and faint I staggered back from the sight of that white corpse stained with its back, till the wall stayed me, while without the birds sang a merry greeting to the day. So it was no dream, and I was lost! lost!

I thought of my aged father Amenembat. Yes, the vision of him flashed into my mind, s he would be when they came to tell him his son's shame and the ruin of his hopes I thought of that patriot priest, my uncle Sepa, waiting the long night through for the signal which never came. Ah, and thought followed swift! How would it go with them! I was not the only traitor. I, too, had been betrayed. By whom? By yonder Paulus, perchance. If 'twere Paulus, he knew but little of those who conspired with me. But in my robe had been the secret lists. O Amen! they were gone | and the fate of Paulus would be the fate of all the patriots of Egypt. And at this thought my mind gave way. I sank and swooned even where I stood.

My sense came back to me and lengthen ing shadows told me that it was afternoon I staggered to my feet; there still was the corpse of Panlus, keeping its awful watch above me. Desperately I ran to the door. Twas barred, and without I heard the tramp



"NO MY MESSENGER HAS FOUND YOU!"

of sentinels. As I stood, they challenged and grounded their spears. Then the bolts shot back, the door opened, and radiant, clad in Koyal attire, came the conquering Cleopatra. Aloue she came, and the door was shut behind her. I stood like one distraught;

footfalls had died away. "How strangely doth the wheel of Fortune turn! But for that traitor," and she nodded toward the door by which the corpse of Paulus had been carried, "I should now be as ill a thing to look on as he is, and the red rust on yonder knife would have been gathered from my heart?"

So it was Faulus who had betrayed me.

"Ay," she went on, "and when thou camest to me last night, well I knew that thou camest to slay. When, time upon time, thou didst place thy hand within thy robe, I knew that it grasped a dagger-hilt, and thou wast gathering thy courage to the deed which little thou didst love to do. Oh! it was a strange, wild hour well worth the living, and greatly, from moment to moment, did I wonder which of us twain would conquer, as we matched guile with guile

ment, did I wonder which of us twain would conquer, as we matched guile with guile and force to force.

"Yes, Harmachis, the guards tramp before thy door, but be not deceived. Knew I not that I do hold thee to me by bonds more strong than prison chains; knew I not that I am hedged from ill at thy hands by a tence of honor more hard for thee to pass than all the spears of all my legions, thou hadst been dead ere now, Harmachis. See, here is thy knife." And she handed me the dagger. "Now slay me if thou canst." And dagger. "Now slay me if thou canst." And she drew near and tore open the bosom of her robe, and stood waiting with calm eyes.
"Thou canst not siay me," she went on.
"for there are things, as I know well, that no man—no such man as thou art—may do and live; and this is the chief of them—to stay the woman who is all his own. Nay, stay thy hand! Turn not that dagger against thy breast; for if me thou mayst not slay, by how much the more mayst thou not slay thyself, O thou forsworn Priest of Isis! Art thou, theu, so eager to face that outraged Majesty in Amenti? With what eyes, thinkest thou, will the Heavenly

comes to greet Her, his life-blood on his hands? Where, then, will be the space for thy atonement—if, indeed, thou mayst

Mother look upon her son who, shamed in all things and false to his most sacred vow,

thy atonement—if, indeed, thou mayst atone!"

Then I could bear no more, for my heart was broken within me. Alas! it was too true—I dared not die. To such a pass was I come that I did not even dare to die! I flung myself upon the couch and wept—wept tears of blood and anguish.

But Cleopatra came to me, and, seating herself beside me, she strove to comfort me, throwing her arms about my neck.

"Nay, Love, look up," she said. "All is not lost for thee, nor am I angered against thee. We did play a mighty game; but as I warned thee, I matched my woman's magic against thine, and I have conquered. But I will be open with thee. Both as Queen and woman thou hast my pity—sy, and more; nor do I love to see thee plunged in sorrow. Well was it and right that thou shouldst strive to win back that throne my father seized, and the ancient liberty of Egypt. Myself as a lawful Queen had done the same, nor shrunk from the deed of darkness whereto I was sworn. Therein, then, thou hast my sympathy, that goes darkness whereto I was sworn. Therein, then, thou hast my sympathy, that goes ever out to what is great and bold. Well is it also that thou shouldst grieve over the greatness of thy fall. Therein, then, as woman—as loving woman—thou hast my sympathy. Nor is all lost. The plan was foolish—for, as I hold, Egypt never might have stood alone; for though thou hadst won the crown and country, as without a doubt thou must have done, yet was there the Roman to be reckoned with. And for thy hope learn this: Little am I known. There is no heart in this wide land that beats with a truer love for ancient Khem than does this heart of mine; nay, not thine own, Harmachis. But heavily not thine own, Harmachis. But heavily have I been shackled heretofore, for wars, rebellions, envies, plots have hemmed me in on every side, so that I might not serve my people as I would. But thou, Harmachis, shalt show me how. Thou shalt be
my counselor and my love. Is it a little
thing, O Harmachis, to have won the heart
of Cleopatra, that heart—fie on thee!—that
thou wouldst have stilled! Ay, thou shalt thou wouldst have stilled? Ay, thou shalt unite me to my people, and together will we reign, linking thus in one the new kingdom and the old. Thus do all things work for good—ay, for the very best—and thus, by another and a gentler road, shalt thou climb

to Pharaoh's throne.
"See thou this, Harmachis: thy treachery shall be cloaked about as much as may be. Was it, then, thy fault that a Roman scattered, thou, still faithful to thy trust, didst serve thee of such means as Nature gave thee, and win the heart of Egypt's Queen, that, through her gentle love, thou mightest yet attain thy ends and spread thy wings of power across the rolling Nile! Am I an ill-counselor, thinkest thou,

I lifted my head, and a ray of hope crept into the darkness of my heart; for when men fall they grasp at feathers. Then, for the first time, I spoke. "And those with me-those who trusted

me-what of them?" "Ay," she answered, "Amenembat, thy father, the aged Priest of Abydos; and Sepa, thy uncle, that flery patriot, whose great heart is hid beneath so common a shell of form; and—"

Methought she would have said Char-mion, but she named her not. "And many others—oh, I know them all!" "Ay!" I said, "what of them?"

"See thou, Harmachis," she answered, raising and placing her hand upon my arm, "for thy sake I will show mercy to them. No more will I do than must be done. I No more will I do than must be done. I swear by my throne and by all the Gods of Egypt that not one hair of thy aged father's head shall be harmed by me; and, if it be not too late, thy uncie Sepa will I also spare, ay, and the others. I will not do as did my forefather Epiphanes, who, when the Egyptians rose against him, dragged Athins, Pausiras, Chesuphus and Irobashtus, bound to his chariot—not as Achilles dragged Hector, but yet living—round the dragged Hector, but yet living-round the city walls. I will spare them all, save the

"There are no Hebrews," Isaid. "It is well," she said, "for no Hebrew will I ever spare. Am I then, indeed, so cruel a women as they say! In thy list, O both me and thee Art thou not over-whelmed, Harmachis, with the weight of wheelmed, Harmachis, with the weight of mercy which I give thee, because—such are a woman's reasons—thou pleasest me, Harmachis! Nay, by Serapis!" she added, with a little laugh, "I'll change my mind; I will not give thee so much for nothing. Thou shalt buy it from me, and the price shall be a heavy one—it shall be a kiss, Harmachis."

"Nay," I said, turning from that fair temptress, "the price is too heavy; I kiss

"Bethink thee," she answered, with a heavy frown. "Bethink thee and choose. I am but a woman, Harmachis, and one who is not wont to sue men. Do as thou wilt; but this I say to thee—if thou dost put me away, I will gather up the mercy I have meted out. Therefore, most virtuous priest, choose thou 'twixt the heavy burden of my love and the swift death of thy aged father and of all those who plotted with him."

shake her from the throne. I did not know that because of fear and the weight of policy only she showed scant mercy to those whom I had betrayed, or that because of cunning and not for the holy sake of woman's love—though, in truth, she liked me well enough—she chose rather to bind me to her by the fibers of my heart. And yet this will I say in her behalf: Even when the danger-cloud had melted from her sky she kept her faith, nor, save Faulus and one other, did any suffer the utmost penalty of death for their part in the great plot against Cleepatra's crown and dynasty. But many other things they suffered.

And so she went, leaving the vision of her glory to strive with the shame and sorrow of my heart. Oh, bitter were the hours that could now no more be made light with prayer. For the link between me and the Divine was snapped, and no more did Isis commune with her Priest. Bitter were the hours and dark, but ever through their darkness shone the starry'eyes of Cleopatra, and came the echo of her whispered love. For not yet was the cup of sorrow full. Still hope lingered in my heart, and almost could I think that I had failed to some higher end, and that even in the depths of ruin I should find another and more flowery path to triumph.

For thus those do who wickedly deceive

umph.

For thus those do who wickedly deceive For thus those do who wickedly deceive themselves, striving to lay the burden of their evil deeds upon the back of Fate, striving to believe their sin may compass good, and to murder Conscience with the sharp plea of necessity. But naught can it avail, for hand in hand down the path to sin rush Remorse and Ruin, and woe to him they follow! Ay, and woe to me, who of all sinners am the ckief!

CHAPTER XVL MPRISONMENT OF HARMACHIS; THE SOORS OF CHARMION; THE SETTING FREE OF HAR-MACHIS; THE COMING OF QUINTUS DELLIUS. OR a space of elever days was I thus kep prisoned in my cham-bers; nor did I see any one save the sen-tries at my door, the siaves who in sileace 10 brought me food and

came continually. But love were many, naught would she tell me of how things went without. She came in many moods—now gay and laughing, now full of wise thoughts and speech, and now passionate only—and to every mood she gave some new-found charm. Full of talk she was as to how I should help her make Egypt great and lessen the burdens of the people and fight the Roman eagles back. And though at first I listened heavily when she spake thus, by slow advance she wrapped me closer and yet more close in her magic web, from which is no

drink, and Cleo-patra's self, who

escape. My mind fell in time with hers.
Then I, too, opened something of
my heart, and somewhat also of
the plans that I had formed for Egypt. And she seemed to listen gladly, weighing them well, and spoke of means and methods, tell-ing me bow she would purify the faith and repair the ancient temples—ay, and build new ones to the Gods. And ever she crept deeper and more deep into my heart, till at length, now that all things else had gone from me, I learned to love her with all the from me, I learned to love her with all the unspent passion of my aching soul. I had naught left to me but Cleopatra's love, and I twined my life about it, and brooded o'er it as a widow o'er her only babe. And thus the very author of my shame became my all, my dearest dear, and I loved her with a wild, deep love that grew and grew, till it seemed to swallow up the past and make the present as a dream. For she had conquered me, she had ro-bed me of my honor and steeped me to the lips in shame, and I, poor, blinded wretch! I kissed the rod that smote me and was her very slave.

poor, blinded wretch! I kissed the rod that smote me and was her very slave.

Ay, even now, in those dreams which will come when sleep unlocks the secret heart, and sets all its terrors free to roam through the open halls of thought. I seem to see her royal form, as erst I saw it, come with arms outstretched and love's own light shining in her deep eyes, with lips apart and flowing locks, and stamped upon her face the look of utter tenderness that she alone could wear. Ay, still, after all the years, I seem to see her come as erst she came, and still I wake to know her an unutterable lie.

And thus one day she came. She had knave betrayed thy plans! that, thereon, thou wast drugged, thy secret papers stolen and their key guessed! Will it, then, be a blame to thee that, the great plot being broken and those who built it Antony in Syria, and she came, as she had left the council, in all her robes of state, and in her hand the scepter, and on her brow the uraus diadem of gold. There she sat before me laughing; for, wearying of them, she had told the envoys, to whom she gave audience in the council, that she was called from their presence by a sudden message come from Rome; and to her the jest seemed merry. Suddenly she rose, message come from Rome; and to her the jest seemed merry. Suddenly she rose, took the diadem from her brow, and set it on my hair, and on my shoulders her Royal chiamys, and in my hand the scepter, and bowed the knee before me. Then, laughing again, she kissed me on the lips and said I was, indeed, her King. But, remembering how I had been crowned in the halls of Abouthis, and remembering also that wreath of roses whereof the odor haunts me yet. I rose pale with wrath and cast the

me yet, I rose pale with wrath and cast the trinkets from me, asking her how she dared to mock me—her caged bird! And methinks there was that about me that startled her, for she fell back.

"Nay, Harmachis," she said, "be not wroth! How knowest thou that I mock thee! How knowest thou that thou shalt not be Pharaoh in fact and deed!"

"What meanest thou!" I said. "We!! "What meanest thou?" I said. "Wilt

thou, then, wed me before Egypt? How else can I be Pharaoh now?" She cast down her eyes. "Perchance, love, 'tis in my mind to wed thee," she said

gently.
"Listen!" she went on. "Thou pale here in this prison, and little dost thou eat. Gainsay me not! I know it from the slaves. I have kept thee here, Harmachis, Hebrews, if there be any Hebrews; for the and for thine own sake, that is so dear to me; Jews I hate."

sake, must thou still seem to be my prisoner. Else wouldst thou be shamed and stain
—ay, murdered secretly. But here can 1
meet thee no more; therefore to-morrow
will I free thee in all save in the name, and Harmachis, were many doomed to die; and I have but taken the life of one Roman knave, a double traitor, for he betrayed —that thou hast cleared thyself; and, more—that thou hast cleared thyself; and, more over, that they auguries as regards the war have been auguries of truth—as, indeed, they have, though thereon have I no cause to thank thee, for methinks thou didst suit thy prophecies to fit thy cause. Now fare-well; for I must return to those heavy-browed ambassadors; and grow not so sud-den wroth, for who knows what may come to pass 'twixt thee and me!"

And, with a little nod, she went, leaving it on my mind that she had it in her heart to take me to husband. And, of a truth, I do believe that, at this hour, such was her thought. For, if she loved me not, still she held me dear, and as yet she had not

beak, the door opened, and radiant, clad in Royal attire, came the conquering Cleopatra. Alone she came, and the door was shut behind her. I stood like one distraught; but she swept on till she was face to face with me.

"Greeting, Harmachis," she said, smiling sweetly. "So my messenger has found theel" and she pointed to the corpse of Paulus. "Pahl he has an ugiy look. Hot guards!"

The door was opened, and two armed Gaula stepped across the threshold.

"Take away this carrion," said Cleopatra, "and fing; it to the kites. Stay, draw that dagger from his traitor breast." The men bowed low, and the knife, rusted red with blood, was dragged from the heart of Paulus and hid upon the table. Then they seized him by the head and body and staggered themes, and laid upon the table. Then they seized him by the head and body and staggered theme, and laid upon the table. Then they seized him by the head and body and staggered theme, and laid upon the table. Then they seized him by the head and body and staggered theme, and I heard their heavy footfails as they bore him down the stairs.

"Nethinks, Harmachis, thou art in an evil cause!" she said, when the sound of the survival cause!" she said, when the sound of the survival cause!" she said, when the sound of the survival cause!" she said, when the sound of the survival cause!" she said, when the sound of the survival cause!" she said, when the sound of the survival cause!" she said, when the sound of the survival cause!" she said, when the sound of the survival cause!" she said, when the sound of the survival cause!" she said, when the sound of the survival cause!" she said and body and staggered and put in the survival cause!" she said and body and staggered and put in the survival cause!" she said when the survival cause!" she said when the survival cause!" she said the survival cause!" she said the survival cause!" she said the survival cause! I said the survival cause! I said the survival cause!" she said the survival cause! She said the survival cause! She said the

ere it burst. Khem is lost, and lost forever, for her last hope is gune! No longer may she struggle—now for all time must she bow her neck to the yele, and her back to the red of the conversal."

the rod of the oppressor!"

I groaned aloud. "Alas, 1 was betrayed!" I said; "Paulus betrayed us."

'Thou wast betrayed! Nay, thou thyself wast the betrayer! How came it that thou didst not slay Cleopatra when then wast alone with ber! Answer, thou for-

wast the betrayer! How cament that thou didst not slay Cleopatra when their wast alone with her! Answer, thou forsworn?"

"She drugged me," I said again.

"O Harmschis!" answered the pitiless girl, "how low art thou fallen from that Prince whom once I knew! thou who dost not scorn to be a liar! Yea, thou wast drugged—drugged with a love philite! Yea, thou didst sell Egypt and thy cause for the price of a wanton's kiss! Thou Sorrow and thou Shame!" she went on, pointing her finger at me and lifting her eyes to my face, "thou Scorn!—thou Outcast!—and thou Contempt! Deny it if thou canst. Ay, shrink from me—knowing what thou art, well mayst thou shrink! Shrink and crawl to Cleopatra's feet, and kiss her sandals till such time as it pleases her to trample thee in thy kindred dirt; but from all houest folk shrink!"

My soul quivered beneath the lash of her bitter hate, but I had no words to answer.

"How comes it," I said at last in a heavy voice, "that thou, too, art not betrayed, but

"How comes it," I said at last in a heavy voice, "that thou, too, art not betrayed, but art here to taunt me, thou who once didst swear that thou didst love me! Being a woman, hast thou no pity for the frailty

"My name was not on the lists," she said. "My name was not on the lists," she said, dropping her dark eyes. "Herein is an opportunity! betray me also, O Harmachis! Ay, 'tis because I once did love thee—dost thou, indeed, remember it!—that I feel thy fail the more. The shame of one whom we once have loved must in some sort become once have loved must in some sort become our shame, and must ever cling to us in that we blindly held a thing so base close to our inmost heart. Art thou also, then, a fool? Wouldst thou, fresh from thy royal wan-ton's arms, come to me for comfort—to me of all the world?"

"How know I," I said, "that it was not thou when in the isaloms arms, didst between

"How know I," I said, "that it was not thou who, in thy jealous anger, didst betray our plans! Charmion, long ago Sepa warned me against thee, and of a truth now that I recal!—"

"Tis like a traitor," she broke in, reddening to her brow, "to think that all are of his family and hold a common mind! Nay, I betrayed thee not; 'twas that poor knave Paulus, whose heart failed him at the last, and who is rightly served. Nor will I stay to hear thoughts so base. Harmachis—Royal no more!—Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, bids me say that thou art free, and that she waits thee in the Alabaster and that she waits thee in the Alabaste Hail."

And shooting one swift glance through her long lashes, she curtsied and was gone. So once more I came and went about the Court, though but sparingly, for my heart was full of shame and terror, and on every face I feared to see the scorn of those who knew me for what I was. But naught I saw, for all those who had knowledge of the plo had fled, and for her own sake no word had Charmion spoken. Also Cleopatra had put it about that I was innocent. But my guilt lay heavy on me, and made me thin and wore away the beauty of my countenance. And though I was free in name, yet was I ever watched; nor might I stir beyond the alace grounds.

And at length came the day that brought with it Quintus Dellius, that false Roman knight who ever served the rising star. He oore letters to Cleopatra from Marcus Antonius the Triumvir. who, fresh from the



Ellolle HE PIXED HIS GAZE ON CLEOPATRA

victory of Philippi, was now in Asia, wringing gold from the subject kings wherewit to satisfy the greed of his legionaries. Well do I mind me of the day. Cleopatra clad in her robes of state, attended by the officers of her Court, among whom I stood, sat in the great hall on her throne of gold, and bade the heralds admit the Ambassa-

and bade the heralds admit the Ambassa-dor of Antony the Triumvir. The great doors were thrown wide, and amidst the blare of trumpets and salutes of the Gallic guards, clad in glittering golden armor and a scar-let cloak of silk, came the Roman in, fol-lowed by his suite of officers. Smooth-faced he was and fair to look upon, and with a supple form; but his mouth was cold, and false were his shifting eyes. And while the heralds called out his name, titles and offices, as a man who is amased he fixed his offices, as a man who is amazed he fixed his gaze on Cleopatra, who sat on her throne radiant with beauty. Then, when the her-alds had made an end, and he still stood thus, not stirring, Cleopatra spoke in the Roman tongue:
"Greeting to thee, noble Dellius, envoy

of the most mighty Antony, whose shadow lies across the world as though Mars himself now towered up above us petty Princes—greetings and welcome to our poor city of Alexandria. Unfold, we pray thee, the purpose of thy coming."

Still the crafty Dellius made no answer but stood as a man awayed.

but stood as a man amazed.

"What ails thee, noble Dellius, that thou dost not speak?" asked Cleopatra. "Hast thou then wandered so long in Asia that doors of Roman speech are shut to thee? What tongue hast thou? Name it and we'll speak therein—for to us are all tongues known."

Then at last he spoke, in a soft, full voice "Oh, pardon me, most mighty Egypt, if I have thus been stricken dumb before thee; but too great beauty, like Death himself, doth paralyze the tongue and steal our sense away. The eyes of him who looks upon the fires of the mid-day sun are blind to all beside, and thus this sudden vision to all beside, and thus this sudden vision of thy glory, Royal Egypt, did o'erwhelm my mind, and leave me helpless and unwitting of all things else."

"Of a truth, noble Dellius," answered Cleopatra, "they teach a pretty school of flattery yonder in Chicia."

"How goes the saying here in Alexandria?" replied the courtly Roman. "The breath of flattery can not waft a cloud, does it not! But to my task. Here, Royal Egypt, are letters under the hand and seal of noble Antony treating of certain matters of the State Is it the pleasure that I should

Egypt, are letters under the hand and seal of noble Antony treating of certain matters of the State. Is it thy pleasure that I should read them?"

"Break the seals and read," she answered. And bowing, he broke the seals and read. "The Triumpt' Reipublics Constituends, by the mouth of Marcus Antonius, the Triumvir, to Cleopatra, by grace of the Roman people, Queen of Upper and Lower Egypt, send greeting. Whereas, it has come to our knowledge that thou, Cleopatra, hast, coutrary to thy promise and thy duty, both by thy servant Allienus and by thy servant Sorapion, the Governor of Cyprus, aided the rebel murderer Cassius against the arms of the most noble Triumvirate. And, whereas, it has come to our knowledge that thou thyself wast but lately making ready a great facet to this end. We summon thee that thou dost without delay journey to Cilicia, there to meet the noble Antony, and in person make answer concerning these charges which are laid against these. And we ware the that if then dost disobey this, our summons, it is

The eyes of Cleopatra flashed as she hearkened to these high words, and I saw her hands tighten on the golden lions' heads

her hands tighten on the golden lions' heads whereon they rested.

"We have had the flattery," she said, "and now, lest we be cloyed with sweets, we have its antidote! Listen thou, Deilius. The charges in that letter, or, rather, in that writ of summons, are false, as all folk can bear us witness. But it is not row, and it is not to thee, that we will make defense of our acts of war and policy. Nor will we leave our kingdom to journey into far Chlicia, and there, like some poor suppliant at law, to plead our cause before the court of the noble Antony. If Antony will have speech with us and inquire concerning these high matters, the sea is open and his welcome shall be royal. Let him come hither. That is our answer to thee and to the Triumvirate, O Dellius." the Triumvirate, O Dellius."

But Dellius smiled as one who would put away the weight of wrath, and once more

"Royal Egypt, thou knowest not the noble
Antony. Stern is he on paper, and ever
does he set down his thoughts as though his
stylus were a spear dipped in the blood of
men. But face to face with him, thou, of

men. But face to face with him, thou, of all the world, shall find him the gentlest warrior that ever won a battle. Be advised, O Egypt! and come. Send me not hence with such angry words, for if thou dost draw Antony to Alexandria, then wee to Alexandria, to the people of the Nile, and to thee, O Egypt! For then will he come armed and breathing war, and hard shall it go with thee who dost defy the gathered might of Rome. I pray thee, then, obey this summons. Come to Cilicia; come with peaceful gifts and not in arms. Come in thy beauty, and tricked in thy best diffre, and naught hast thou to fear from the noble Antony." He paused and looked at her meaningly; while I, taking his drift, felt the angry blood surge into my face.

his drift, feit the angry blood surge into my face.

Cleopatra, too, understood, for I saw her rest her chin upon her hand while the dark cloud of thought gathered in her eyes. For a time thus she sat, while the crafty Dellins watched her curiously. And Charmion, standing with the other maidens by the throne, she also read his meaning, for her face lit up, as in the evening lights a summer cloud when the broad lightning flares behind it. Then once more it grew pale and quiet.

and quiet.

At length Cleopatra spoke. "This is a heavy matter," she said; "and, therefore, noble Delilius, must we have time to let our judgment ripen. Rest thou here, and make thee as merry as our poor circumstance allows. Within ten days shalt thou have thy answer."
A moment the envoy thought, then, smil-

A moment the envoy thought, then, smiling, made reply: "It is well, O Egypt; on the tenth day from now will I attend for mine answer, and on the eleventh I sail hence to join Antony my Lord."

Once more, at a sign from Cleopatra, the trumpets blared, and, bowing, he withdrew. ITO BE CONTINUED.

A SPANISH LEGEND. the Evil One Was Pun Tempting a Friar.

A certain young Spanish friar, a skillful painter, especially delighted in devising new aspects of blessedness and beauty for the Virgin, and in setting forth the devil in the most repulsive and extravagant ugli-ness. Satan bore this as best he could for some time; but at last he determined to be revenged. He assumed the disguise of revenged. He assumed the disguise of a most lovely maiden; and the unhappy friar, being of an amorous disposition, fell into the trap. She smiled sweetly on her shaven wooer, but would not surrender her beauty at a less price than the rich reliquaries and jewels of the treasury of the monastery. In an evil hour the poor painter admitted her at midnight within the convent walls, and she took from the antique cabinet the precious things she desired. Then, as they wound their way through the moonlit cloister, the sinful friar clutching his booty with one arm and his beauty with his booty with one arm and his beauty with the other, the demon lady suddenly cried out "Thieves" with diabolical energy. Up started all the snoring monks and rushed in disorder from their cells, off with the plate. Him they tied safe to a pillar, leaving him there till the next day should determine his punishment, while the brethren went back to their pillows or their prayers; and then the cruel devil appeared in his real shape to the poor painter, taunt-ing and twitting him and making unmerciful mockery of his amorous overtures and prayers—advising him now to appeal to the beauty he had so loved to delineate in his canvases. The pentinent monk took the advice, and lo! the radiant mother of mercy

descended in all her heavenly loveliness, unbound his cords, bade him fasten the evil one in his place to the column and appear among the monks the next morning at matins, which he did, to the great surprise of the brethren. He voted for his own condemnation; but when they went to the sacristy and found every thing marvelously correct in its place, and when they went to the column and found the devil fast bound, they forgave the erring brother and administered a tremendous flogging to the devil. The monk became not only "a wiser and a bet-ter man," but a better artist; he was now able to paint the Virgin more serenely beau-tiful, the arch-enemy more appallingly ugly than ever.—London Giobe.

The Necessity of Hope, The truth is that a man can better afford to sacrifice his dinner daily for a year than live without hope for a week. And nature has recognized that it is so. What phrase is more common in our mouths than the simple but significative "I hope!" Nor is there any human being, howsoever for-lorn in material possessions or howsoever afflicted, who was not originally endowed amicted, who was not originally endowed with this capacity of hope. Go to the hospitals, where one might suppose it were easy to find despair in many respects. The doctor will whisper to you that this or that invalid is doomed, and that he can not, by all the evidence of human foresight and experience, live one day more. "Well, and how are you!" you say to the sick way. how are you?" you say to the sick man, and perhaps you can not help betraying in your tone the pity you feel for him, thus hovering between two worlds, about one of which alone, the one he is leaving, you are able to assure yourself that you know anything decisive. "Oh, much better," he replies, with strong hope in his voice and his eyes. "I think I shall soon be well."—All the Year Round.

Physical Training.

Inquiries extending over a period of forty years, made of about three hundred mem-bers of the Cambridge and Oxford Uni-versity crews instituted by Dr. Maclaren, director of the university gymnasium at Oxford, have elicited facts which may be Oxford, have elicited facts which may be accepted as experimental evidence of the value of physical training in a class of cases in which the conditions of life are mostly favorable, hence affording a test from which practically every element except the purely muscular one is eliminated. The benefits experienced by the members of these crews are stated to be an increase of stamina, of energy, enterprise and executive power, and of fortitude in endurance of trials, privations and disappointments—"agoodly list of benefits bearing on the mental and moral as conspicuously as on the physical side of the question." says Dr. Maclaren, "for, in the struggle for ex-Dr. Maclaren, "for, in the struggle for ex-istence, failure is more likely to result from mability to endure trials and disappoint-ments than from merely physical weakness— the statistics of suicide bearing out this

An After-Dinner Criticism.

In comparing the literary merits of Dickens and Thackersy, an after-dinner orator in London said: "It's the wonderful in sight inter 'uman nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackersy, but on tother hand it's in the brilliant shafts of satire, t'gether with a keen sense o' humor, that Dickersy gets the pull over Thackens. It's just this: Thickery is a humorist and Dackers is a satirist. But, after all, it's 'band to instead any comparison between Dackery and Thickens." An After-Dinner Criticism

ECCENTRIC BURIALS.

The story is told of a certain Frenchman who had been a great collector of coins. By his will be directed that his coins. By his will he directed that his obsequies should be performed with every accompaniment calculated to inspire mirthful feelings. His body was to be wrapped in tanned pig-skin and buried coffinless in a standing position upon a pile of charcoal. Laurel branches were to be carried by the mourners, and were to be carried by the mourners, and on returning from the church they were to throw open the chambers in which his treasures were deposited, and all comers were welcome to help themselves as they pleased to the contents. It was a sore disappointment to the public, however, to find that before they were admitted, the servants of the deceased had decamped with every thing that was portable.—The wishes of a curious character, who was named Hilkington, better known as Squire Hawley, were fully

acter, who was named Hilkington, better known as Squire Hawley, were fully carried out a few years ago at a place near Doncaster. He was buried in his own garden, amid the graves of his dead cattle, which had been stricken down by rinderpest. He was laid out in full hunting costume, including spurs and whip, and was placed in a stone coffin weighing upwards of a ton, which had to be lowered into the grave by means of a wane. His old pony was shot and buried at his feet, and at his head were laid the bodies of his favorite dog and an old fox. All his property was left to his groom, on condition that these funeral observances were carried out; in default, the ances were carried out; in default, the ances were carried out; in default, the estate was to go to the priest of Doncaster for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Church. The groom, however, did not suffer the bequest to himself to lapse.—It is related that a certain crotchety dld Yorkshireman, some years since, left directions that on the day of his burdle a great public headings chould burial a great public breakfast should be given in the town where he might die, and that his coffin, slung upon towels knotted together, should be borne along by relays of men, and "bumped" three times upon a particular heap of stones, and that the "Lamentations of a Sinner" should then be sung. A still more important provision was made regarding the presence of mourn-ers in the churchyard. Every man, woman and child who entered the ground with or after the procession had

to receive a dole of sixpence. Never before or since, we are told, was that churchyard so full of people.—A Sussex gentleman, named Jack Fuller, ordered his executors to bury him in a pyramidal mausoleum in Brightling churchyard. His reason for desiring to be inclosed in stone above ground was his unwillingness to be eaten by his relatives—a process he considered inevitable if ouried in the ordinary way. worms," be declared, "would eat me, the ducks would eat the worms, and my relations would eat the ducks."-A gentleman named Underwood left £600 to his sister on condition that she had him buried in a particular fashion. Six gentlemen were appointed to follow him the grave, where they were to sing the last stanza of the twentieth Ode of the second Book of Horace. Mourning was forbidden to be worn, no bell had to be tolled, and no relation was to follow the corpse. The six chosen gentlemen were to be the only mourners. The coffin was painted green, and the deceased was buried with his clothes on. Three copies of Horace were placed in the grave with him, together with Bentley's "Milton" and a Greek Testament. After supper, the six mourners sang the Ode, all being in strict accordance with the will of the deceased. - Cassell's Saturday

Journal. SAVED BY A TRAMP.

A Railroad Man Snatched From Certain Death By a Truck Passenger. "No, we don't bounce the tramps who ride on the bumpers of our freight train," said a freight-conductor who has a run to the West. "I presume that we carry an average dozen each trip, but if they remain between the cars we pre-

tend not to see them." "But it is against orders," was urged. "Oh, yes, but there is a higher power than general orders, even for railroad men. Five or six years ago I used to be hard on the railroad tramps. I'd have the train looked over at every stop, and if we caught a chap he got handled pretty lively. Nowadays I throw out a hint to the brakemen to shut both eyes, and, if the tramp don't presume too much on my good nature, no one will disturb him "What happened to change your

mind?" "Oh, a little incident of no interest to the public, but a great deal to me. I was married in December three years ago. On the third night I got orders to run out with an extra. There was a cold rain, which froze as it feli, and one of my crew got hurt at our very first stop. left us short-handed and as we could not supply his place I had to act for him. We were back in the mount ains, running strong to make time, when the engineer whistled brakes for a grade. I climbed out of the caboose with the brakesmen, and bad set two brakes and as after the third, when a lurch of the cars threw me down and I fell between two of them. I had just one glimpse of swift thought of her in widow's weeds and her heart breaking, when a hand grabbed me. I was going down head first, but the strong clutch turned me over and my feet struck the bumpers. I'd have gone then, only some one put my hands on the ladder, flung his arms around me from behind to hold me there.

"'You are all right, old man. You nerve will come back pretty soon."

"And it was a tramp, eh?"
"It was, and he held me there until had taken all my strength and nerve away. But for him I should have been ground up under the wheels. This is the reason I keep a soft spot in my heart for the genus tramp, and why, when I sometimes walk the length of every train and find every bumper occupied, I look skyward and pretend not to see as much as a much as a much as a look of the statics is grantesunian our semi-length of the semily on expect. A two ounce bottle of Bine Seal Yaseline I soid by all druggists at ten cents. the train reached its stop, and then helped me down, for the sudden fright ee as much as an old fur cap."-N. Y.

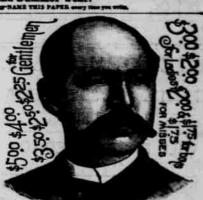
-A Kansas City German got angry with a banker of that place for demanding a heavy discount, and when the banker asserted that it was business, replied: "Pishness! Pishness! You sit here all day and rob a man barefaced efore his back and calls dat pishness? -Texas Siftings.

-Abraham Lincoln used to tell a story of a back driver who, on learning that the President did not smoke, observed n a tone that was meant to be reassur ing: "We'l, a man that has no small vices is likely to have some big ones."

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